

Windsor soap is mentioned on p. 276 of Mackinlay Kantor's Civil War novel entitled Andersonville (P. 276 is shown herebelow):

thought briefly of Marion Padgett, now said to be living in distant luxury. She thought once more of Marion, then he strayed from her simple mind, he returned seldom.)

This was an especially hot day, and Lucy was conscious of the strong odor of Laurel Tebbs as the round-shouldered little creature moved beside her. She said sharply, Miss, have you bathed yourself of late? as she might have said it to one of her own servants, and then felt that she had been heedless and cruel, and was ashamed.

Nome, spoke the languid voice. It's so hard to bring up water from our well, and Coral he's always off to the forest, and Flory's gone to the army, and Zoral's but a babe. Ma she's always a-entertaining or a-sleeping. I just can't scarcely pull that big sweep, hain't got the power.

Then you shall go over to Little Sweetwater, said Lucy brightly. For I have some rose oil which I pressed, and I shall give you a bit of that, and it's no earthly good, of course, if you're not freshly scrubbed. And I shall give you a square of Windsor for your own.

Miss Lucy, whined Laurel, I'd be plumb scairt to go naked in the creek. Too many sojers about.

Then go far up the creek, the big creek, where there's no one.

That I'll do, if'n you say I got to. Please, what's Windsor?

Tis a toilet soap I've made myself, and scented with caraway, and it's just the best! Except for variegated toilet soap, and I used to make that too, with Extra shaving the bar-soap fine; but we've no longer any Chinese blue and only a teensie bit of Chinese vermillion.

This conversation occurred in the hall and on the stairs, and Laurel now stood with her hostess in Lucy's chamber. Oh, just lots of pretties, she said without envy. She was accustomed to seeing silver and portraits, certain elements of grandeur although decayed grandeur, when she helped at the Biles'. But she had never entered a dainty young lady's room before.

Lucy searched through work-basket, work-table, drawers, appraising her stock of thimbles. She thought that she owned four but could find only three. One of these had belonged to Great-aunt Mary Flo; Lucy remembered this woman as a waspish invalid in a scarlet silk dressing gown; she cherished no particularly pleasant memories of Great-aunt Mary Flo. And the thimble was too narrow for her own finger now that she was grown.

This you may have.

For to keep?

Certainly, for your own. Mind and don't let Baby Brother get his paws on it.

Reckon I can hide it from him. The girl smiled in wan delight. Didn't figure to come a-begging. Twas just for the lend; but I do thank you, Miss Lucy.

"a square of Windsor"